

*Gestures of Pressure and Time*

A Supporting Paper

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the Department of Art  
University of Minnesota

By Rick Tibbott

In partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Master of Fine Arts Degree in Art  
Date 2021

Committee:

Tetsuya Yamada, Chair

Clarence Morgan

Douglas Kearney



Those I have met who can only be remembered

Gordan Tibbott  
Adelia Tibbott  
Ray Martin  
Dick Swartz  
Roger Tibbott  
Frannie, Roger's live-in partner  
Theresa Riniker  
PFC DAVID DENNIS  
Eric Andrew Fifer  
Spc. Graff, which is french  
Peter Fedorka  
Butch Tibbott  
Dean Ingles  
Denis Ingles  
Curt Chesmore  
Betty Wacker  
Randy Brady  
Tim Haas  
Justin Townes Earle  
Sgt. Charles Pearson  
LeRoy Ballsinger  
John Connor  
Charlie Hanes  
Tyler Halveston  
Troy Caraway  
Terry, Opinion Page Editor  
"Sully", Sports editor  
Emi's Paternal Grandpa Illana  
Robert Moreno  
Bill Williams  
Mrs. Foster, from across the street  
Irene, from up the road  
Dennis, dad's neighbor from across the street



The veil that shimmers

A tick-less-tock-less clock  
Fertile plains turned to dust

She walks with him  
That Veil grows  
until they stand nose to nose

That Cawing Black Bird  
That Shimmer  
That Gathering Place That Ends The Road

Not her first time though  
Twice before  
Her ravens show

One for the love that went too long  
One for the love that was too short  
One for the love that got the remains

She walks with her ravens  
Toward That Veil that shimmers

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## Clay

It is Earth  
It takes any form  
It lasts forever  
It's endlessly reusable

It centers  
It contains  
It records time  
It absorbs energy

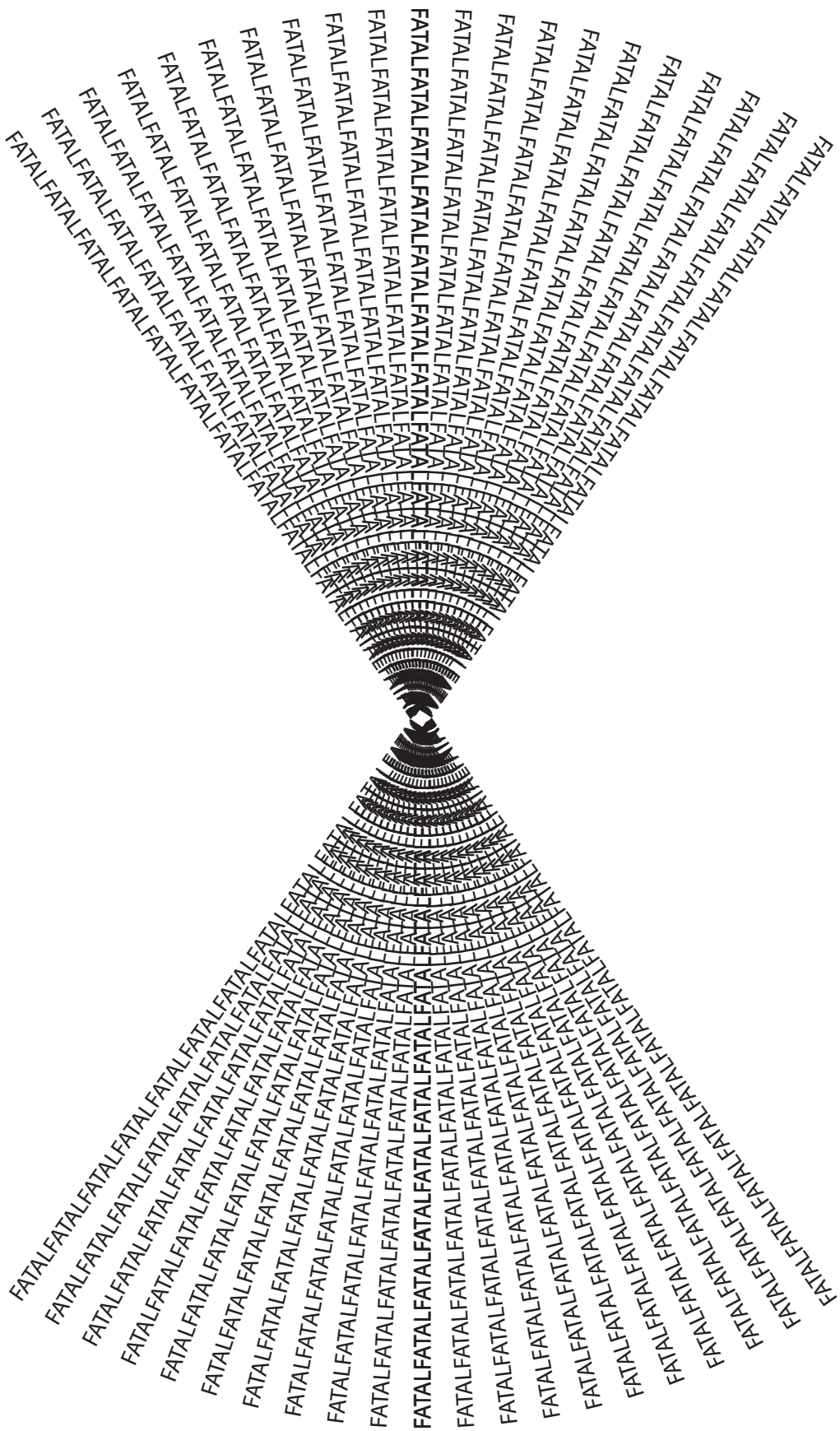
It stores water for oranges  
    In the meantime  
It makes a swimming pool  
It dries mosquito bites  
It heals wounds

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Knowledge hands want to live down

Sight Picture, Sight Alignment, Breath Control, Trigger Squeeze, Pull the pin, frag out – throw a baseball – wait for the blast, cook off, two seconds, drop in bunker window, wait covered, blast, apply pressure, five minutes, a tourniquet – one hand above the wound, one finger tight, shutter speed, aperture, anticipate, zoom-pan-clickclickclickclick the shutter, shuffle steer – drive at 7 and 4, hands above the beltline, unholster-fire-holster – muscle memory –distinguish handcuffs from rubber gloves from taser, arrest, flick the hand, active resistance response – large outside reap, straight-arm takedown – bottom cuff first, the closest hand, top cuff far hand double-lock, pie the corner, duck walk, fatal funnel, slap– pull– observe– release– tap– squeeze



## Knife

A sharpened edge of clean shining metal, rigid, designed to separate objects from themselves.

Task-build limitations beyond cutting – the edge. But what of the handle, the spine, the face, the triangular shaped tip. What are their limits? In steak, all means to an end. In clay, the possibilities broaden. The handle, a paddle to imprint and deform the malleable mass. The tip, a stylist – sign your name, or develop pointillism.

The knife more than just the edge, adds by taking away, leaving behind the record of the path of what is but not what could have been. The knife as illustration tool – a baited ambush (if all goes well from – this side of the bush) has little to do with knives though there be knives. In clay, the knife's embodied language communicates troop place, troop movement, terrain, sectors of fire, distinguish friendly from foe.

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## Object language

Designed to be discarded

A cutting edge

A warning

The light to cross 21<sup>st</sup> Ave is on

Born a knife wanting to be a screwdriver

A dull knife remembers

–the fine edge

Canteen the water

Brass the powder

Lumber the breeze

The tired knife

saws

Tries to divide

Tears

Frays the steak

When forced

Accidentally slips

Flesh grips

Red

between the lips

Source of life and death  
Contained carried and kept with  
Canteen & magazine

## Where I've Seen It

Red streaks in carpet  
From washroom to kitchen  
Hand outstretched  
a stricken pose

Single, elderly, male  
Prone,  
On the floor  
Supine,  
On the bed  
Life's relics all around  
But no love in sight

A wife's birthday  
A missing person  
A remaining wallet  
A missing truck  
A missing revolver

A parking lot  
    —evening sun  
A driver's seat  
A middle-aged,  
Married  
Male  
Slumped  
The empty cavity  
A pick-up truck  
Red outside  
Red inside  
Loved ones around  
But no hope in sight

Twenty  
Healthy  
Earnest smiles



Bones - the kind that cannot lie  
Sun-bleached or mummified  
Compass

Fifer  
[     ]  
Tennessee

Sawing

Automatic

Wanton approval of manliness

BB

Gun's younger bro

[ ]

Wears Valley, Tennessee

Dear Fifer,

I looked you up today. I found you right where you were left. I could see the dogwood tree that keeps you company. I wonder if it knows that it is lucky. The valley is filling in with neighbors. I had a hard time locating you as my landmark changed. The short road that led to the firehouse now loops back through a new neighborhood. I am sure you know. I guess it has been fifteen years. I am sure you know that too.

“I must march.” -Time.

“I must mark.” -Me

—In case you didn’t know

I just wanted to say my roots dried out in that desert. I find myself now planted with just enough. Just enough soil to root. Just enough nutrients to sprout. Just enough sun, when the winter clouds clear, to green. I’ve been thirsty lately, though, I need to rehydrate every day. I don’t have much room for excess so I take what water I can and watch the rest wash on. It’s rough. It’s been rough but I’m getting by.

I miss and think of you often. I hope you enjoy the cup and orange I left for you.

Sincerely,

Tibbott

Sometimes

Sometimes  
There are nights so good  
There's no concern for day to come

Sometimes  
There are nights so cold  
They are spent fanning ashes

Sometimes

Nights

Mark time

Just  
To

Double time

PRICKED

a cactus

soft behind the tines

Gritty memory mayo  
Smooth flat sand  
Spring days haunt grey beards



The strangle of IBA

The unique tang of that mayo sauce  
A little extra please  
grinds, binds, in teeth  
sand in a bathing suit  
Tear into the recall

Liberties collecting at the waist  
grey hair on a tile floor  
Spring lawns covered in pink and white  
Dogwood flowers  
A warm blanket for  
Fading golden chevrons  
on green beneath  
His story-stone

There's a bag. There's a bag

There's a bottom of the bag

There's a bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a mayo on the bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a ketchup on the mayo on the bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a pickle on the ketchup on the mayo on the bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a patty on the pickle on the ketchup on the mayo on a bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a cheese on the patty on the pickle on the ketchup on a mayo on a bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a bun on the cheese on the patty on the pickle on the ketchup on the mayo on the bun in the bottom of the bag

There's a seed on the bun on the cheese on the patty on the pickle on the ketchup on the mayo on the bun in the bottom of the bag

Carrousel of the GWOT

Smoke grey, embers orange  
Born of coughs and sneezes  
Hold it back

Rub shake tremble  
Anything it takes  
To keep the ability at bay

But candles in darkness  
The Hearth in winter  
The invasion by sea

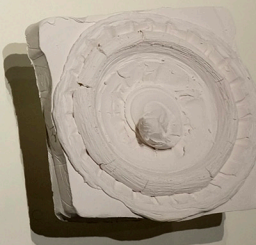
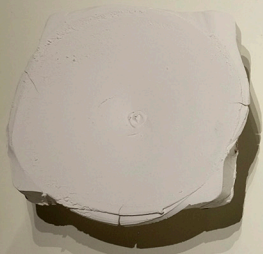
turned into a mountain  
A pile the stones  
To conceal my rumbles, my groans

I never wanted to breathe  
Fire on every breath





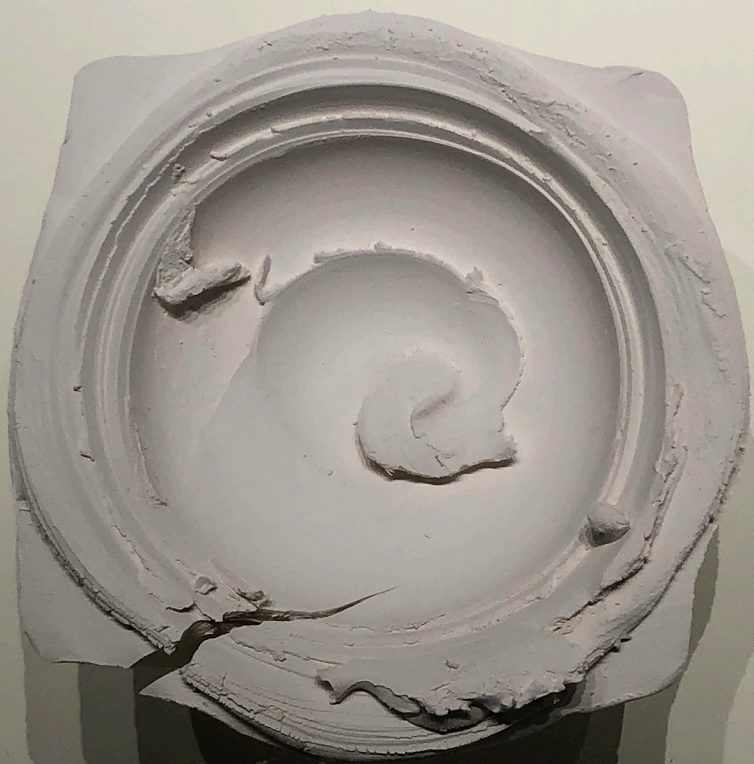






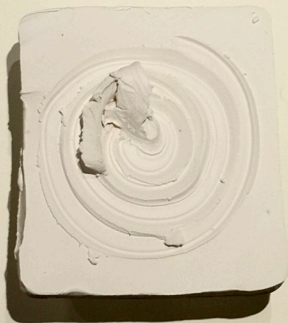
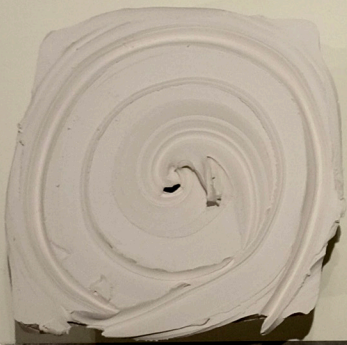
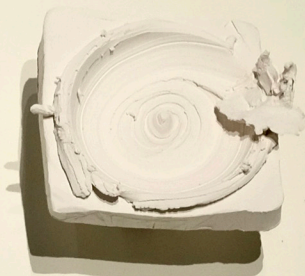




















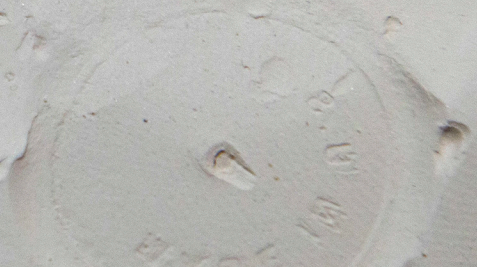
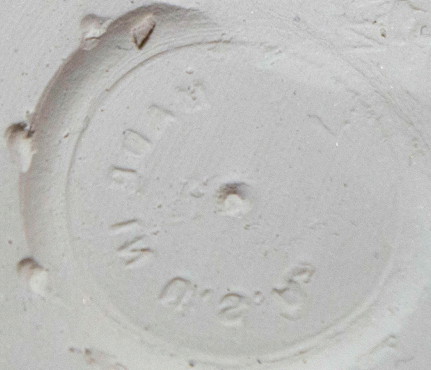






FOR WATER ONLY

DO NOT APPLY TO OPEN FLAME





## Appendix I: Image List

1. *Gestures of Pressure and Time* 18'x12'x6'', Ceramics, Steal, Paper, Found Objects
2. *Gestures of Pressure and Time* 18'x12'x6'', Ceramics, Steal, Paper, Found Objects
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10. *Gestures of Pressure and Time* 18'x12'x6'', Ceramics, Steal, Paper, Found Objects
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## Appendix II– Curriculum Vitae

### EDUCATION

MFA (candidate)	University of Minnesota 2021(projected)
BFA (Ceramics)	University of Iowa 2017
AA (Liberal Arts)	Hawkeye Community College 2014
AAA (Professional Photography)	Hawkeye Community College 2008

### AWARDS AND GRANTS

Photo of the Month	Associated Press 2010
President's Award	Lee Enterprise 2010

### Achievements

University Honors, Departmental Honors, President's List, Dean's List	University of Iowa
Dean's List	Hawkeye Community College
Phi Theta Kappa	Hawkeye Community College

### EXHIBITIONS

#### 2021

*Hungry for After*, Master of Fine Arts Thesis Exhibition, Katherine E. Nash Gallery, Minneapolis, Minnesota

*There Is No Place*, Public Space One, Iowa City, Iowa

#### 2019

*Untitled*, graduate student exchange with the University of Iowa  
organized by Donté Hayes, Iowa City, Iowa.

*Making Moves*, graduate student exchange with the University of Iowa  
organized by Rick Tibbott, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Slip*, public performance, Open Eye Figure Theater  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*He Was Making Real Progress*, Faculty and Graduate Student Exhibition, 52nd Annual NCECA  
Conference, Minneapolis, Minnesota

#### 2018

*Something I am Thinking*, Graduate Student Exhibition  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

#### 2017

*Agreeable Recondite*, Special Projects Gallery,  
Visual Arts Building, Iowa City, Iowa

*Going Off*, Mauricio and Emilia Lasansky Atrium,  
Visual Arts Building, Iowa City, Iowa

*Untitled*, Fall 2017 Honors Students Show, six person exhibition featuring Bachelor of Fine Arts  
students, Student Gallery, Visual Arts Building, Iowa City, Iowa

#### 2015

*The Things We Carry* Ruck March, University of Minnesota and Iowa Veterans carried game ball  
from Minneapolis to Iowa City, organized by Rick Tibbott and other University of Iowa  
veterans

### Appendix III – Artist Statement

I am fascinated by clay's ability to respond to pressure. I investigate this quality through textures created by found objects. The resulting installations are produced by pairing traditional pottery tools, processes, and repetition with objects mined from my military experience. I am intrigued by the possibilities within these objects once they outlive their initial purpose. I rely on process to bring to light these possibilities. I find myself creating a process where I am making as few decisions as possible and repeating the actions over and over. Through this approach, I find more quickly the flow of creating. The struggle of starting and stopping that is so often felt between studio days is nearly eliminated when I have a known starting point. In this way, the mined objects and clay are in conversation with each other in the final piece. This is achieved by limiting how much I touch the clay; when moving from the bag to the wheel, off the wheel to the rack and to and from the kiln. The moments in between the movements are the formative moments where the mined objects influence the clay's final form, in addition to how the clay warps or cracks as it dries. My role in the process is to be consumed by the moment of making by watching how the clay responds to different edges of the found objects. This process allows me to interrogate the line between what is functional and what is sculptural. For example, if the goal is to make utilitarian ware, but I knowingly ignore the well-known procedures for handling clay -- proper wedging, throw plates on bats, and slowly drying the plate, etc. -- I am removed from the final results, and therefore the clay discovers the line between functional and sculptural.